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...GS of BRITAIN

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WAR SONGS OF BRITAIN

WAR SONGS OF BRITAIN

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PREFACE.

The aim of the editor in this volume has been, so far as was possible, to give a record of the wars of Britain as sung by her poets, and he would ask therefore that the word "Warsongs" be given the most liberal interpretation. Such an attempt can at the best be but partially successful, for many of her greatest achievements have remained unsung, and still more have been recorded in verse that is little better than doggerel. Many of our ancient songs and ballads of war that have escaped oblivion, such as, for instance, the ballads of the "Brave Lord Willoughby" and "Sir Andrew Barton," hardly reach even the lower levels of poetry. There must therefore remain large gaps in any such record as the editor has had in view. He can only hope that he has left as few such gaps as possible. Some notable omissions there must indeed be owing to the exigencies of the law of copyright, but the editor's debt to authors and publishers is so great, that even to make

a bare mention of such omissions is perhaps ungracious.

The compiling of such a record in song as this, needs in itself little apology. Whatever our views as to the evils of war and of the causes that give it birth, all may at least unite in admiration of the nobler elements of human nature which war inevitably calls forth. The editor hopes that it is this aspect of war which the present collection of poems will be found to emphasize.

H. E. B.

The editor desires to express his great indebtedness to the following writers and publishers for their kind permission to include copyright poems:—

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen for "Ford o' Kabul River" and the "Hymn before Action," from "Barrack-room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" respectively

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and "Waggon Hill" from "The Sailing of the Long Ships" John Murray

Mr. W. G. Hole for "The Road to Ladysmith" from "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic" Elkin Matthews

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and for "Elizabeth at Tilbury" from "The Visions of England" by the late Professor Palgrave

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BOADICEA

61 A.D.

When the British warrior Queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods—

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief:
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish!—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt:
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground-
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

BOADICEA

" Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you!"

William Cowper.

THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITONS

Sad was the day for Britain's land,
A day of ruin to the free,
When Gorthyn stretched a friendly hand
To the dark dwellers of the sea.

But not in pride the Saxon trod,
Nor force nor fraud oppressed the brave,
Ere the gray stone and flowery sod
Closed o'er the blessed hero's grave.

The twice-raised monarch drank the charm,
The love-draught of the ocean-maid;
Vain then the Briton's heart and arm,
Keen spear, strong shield, and burnished blade

"Come to the feast of wine and meat,"
Spake the dark dweller of the sea:
"There shall the hours in mirth proceed;
There neither sword nor shield shall be."

Hard by the sacred temple's site,
Soon as the shades of evening fall,
Resounds with song and glows with light
The ocean-dweller's rude-built hall.

THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITONS

The sacred ground, where chiefs of yore
The everlasting fire adored,
The solemn pledge of safety bore,
And breathed not of the treacherous sword.

The amber wreath his temples bound;
His vest concealed the murderous blade;
As man to man, the board around,
The guileful chief his host arrayed.

None but the noblest of the land,
The flower of Britain's chiefs were there:
Unarmed, amid the Saxon band,
They sate, the fatal feast to share.

Three hundred chiefs, three score and three,
Went, where the festal torches burned
Before the dweller of the sea:
They went; and three alone returned.

Till dawn the pale sweet mead they quaffed:
The ocean-chief unclosed his vest;
His band was on his dagger's haft,
And daggers glared at every breast.

But him, at Eidiol's breast who aimed,
The mighty Briton's arm laid low:
His eyes with righteous anger flamed;
He wrenched the dagger from the foe;

And through the throng he cleft his way,
And raised without his battle cry;
And hundreds hurried to the fray,
From towns, and vales, and mountains high.

But Britain's best blood dyed the floor
Within the treacherous Saxon's hall;
Of all, the golden chain who wore,
Two only answered Eidiol's call.

Then clashed the sword: then pierced the lance;
Then by the axe the shield was riven;
Then did the steed on Cattraeth prance,
And deep in blood his hoofs were driven.

Even as the flame consumes the wood,
So Eidiol rushed along the field;
As sinks the snow-bank in the flood,
So did the ocean-rovers yield.

The spoilers from the fane he drove;
He hurried to the rock-built tower,
Where the base king, in mirth and love,
Sate with his Saxon paramour.

The storm of arms was on the gate.
The blaze of torches in the hall,
So swift, that ere they feared their fate,
The flames had scaled their chamber wall.

THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITONS

They died; for them no Briton grieves;
No planted flower above them waves;
No hand removes the withered leaves
That strew their solitary graves.

And time the avenging day brought round
That saw the sea-chief vainly sue;
To make his false host bite the ground
Was all the hope our warrior knew.

And evermore the strife he led,
Disdaining peace, with princely might,
Till, on a spear, the spoiler's head
Was raised on Caer-y-Cynau's height.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

THE WAR [SONG OF DINAS VAWR

He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE FIGHT AT MALDON

991 A.D.

Then gan Brihtnoth
His men to array:
Rode past and rank'd them,
Taught them their places,
Bade them their round shields
Hold fast with hand-grip,
At nothing frighten'd.
When he his folk thus
Had duly order'd,
Then down he lighted
'Mid whom he wist
Dearest and faithfullest,
Bands of his hearth.

Then stood forth, stern-voiced, on the river brink,
Wiking's herald, and thrill'd out a threatening
Sea-folk's errand across to the Earl.

"Me have they hither sent,
They, the swift sea-farers,
Bade me say thus to thee:
'Send, for thy safety's sake,

Bracelets right speedily;
Better the spear-rush ye
Buy off with gift-money
Than in hard-foughten fight
Slaying where no need is
Either the other.
List ye this thing to do,
Fast shall a peace be made
Clench'd with the gold.'
Haply thou holdest thee,
Thou that here richest art,
Willing to free thy folk,
Paying the seamen's price,
Peace to win peaceably—
So with the Scot will we
Back to our ships, and sail
Forth on our fleet, and hold
Peace with you still."

Out spake Brihtnoth,
His shield upheaving,
Shook the slight ash-shaft, and
Fierce and unflinching
With words made answer.

" Hearest thou, sea-farer,
What this folk said to thee?
This is the gift ye shall
Take of them—javelins,
Spear-point and sword-edge,

Heriot of weapons, but—
But not for your welfare.
Turn again, therefore thou,
Sea-people's errand-man,
Bear these ill tidings back:
Here stands a stout-hearted
Earl with his following;
Stand for our own land we,
Home of mine Elderman,
Folk of our Athelred,
Athelred's ground!
Now shall the heathen men
Fall on the war-field.
This were, methinketh,
Shame overpassing,
Ye should on ship-board
Scot from us carry
Unbefoughten.
Fared have ye thus far
Over this earth of ours;
But not so lightly now
Fare shall ye forth and bear
Treasure in triumph,
Judge first between us shall
Spear-point and sword-edge,
Yea, the grim battle-game,
Ere we pay tribute."

Then the Earl bade
His folk set forward,

Bearing their shield-boards,
Till by the stream-brink,
Craving to come at their
Foemen across the flood,
Every man stood:
East-Saxon's front rank
Facing the fleet-men:
There over Panta's stream
The Vikings waited,
Eager for warfare.

Then he, the Chieftain and helper of heroes,
Bade hold the bridge a stout war-worker, Wulfstan:
Ceola's son was he:
He with his javelin
Shot down the foremost man,
Him that there boldest set
Foot on the bridge.
There stood with Wulfstan
Warmen unfearing—
Alfere and Maccus—
High-mettled twain.
Theirs not to flinch nor flee:
Fast at the ford they stood,
Beating the foemen back,
Till they no longer might
Brandish their weapons.

Bitter the work that the bridge-wardens wrought for them:
Sorely it irk'd them, the strangers, the hated ones:

Crafty they craved and cross over and close with them.
Yielded the headstrong Earl in his hardihood,
Brihthelm's bairn, o'er the water calling:
Hearken'd the warmen.

"Lo! we give ground to you:
Come o'er and fight with us.
God wotteth which shall stand
Last in the slaughter-place."

Waded the slaughter-wolves;
Reck'd not for water they:
Host of the Vikings,
West over Panta's stream
Bearing their linden shields
Came they to land.

The men closed in the glory of battle-strokes:
Then was the hour for the falling of fated ones:
Shouts from the earth arose:
Ravens wheel'd round above,
Eagles for feasting fain,
Greedy for corpses.
Fast from their hands flew the
File-harden'd spears, and the
Stone-whetted javelins;
Bows were busy, and shields were dinted,
Bitter the battle-rush,
Warriors fell:
Youths lay dead on the earth around.

Then drew nigh in his fierceness the fell one,
Fenced with his shield, and his weapons upheaving,
Facing the hero.
Drew to the meeting
Earl against Churl:
Either for other
Evil was thinking,
There flew a dart then
Shot from the seamen's side;
Therewith was wounded
The lord of warriors.
Then with shield thrusting
Knapp'd he the spear-shaft—
Wroth was the hero:
He with his javelin
Pierced the proud wiking,
Wounding his wounder.
Blithe was the Earl, and he laughed in his lustihood,
Own'd the good day's work his Maker had given him;
Praised and gave thanks to the Lord who had prosper'd him.

Hurl'd then some fellow a
Dart from his hands at him:
Forth it flew piercing him,
Pierced thro' the noble one,
Athelred's Thane.
Hard by his side stood
A stripling, a boy-knight—
Deftly he drew out
The dart with the blood on it—

Bairn of the bridge-warder,
Wulfstan's young Wulfmaer.

Soft one stole to the spoil of the wounded:
Lusted his heart for the filching of bracelets,
The robe, and the rings, and the jewell'd brand.
Out drew Brihtnoth
His sword from the sword-case:
Broad and brown was the blade, and he bang'd it
Full on the corselet.
Swift came a back-stroke
Struck by a fleet-man,
Quelling the Earl's arm.
Out of his hands fell the
Sword with the fallow hilt;
Might he no longer hold
Falchion, or wield again
Weapons of warfare.
Spake he a word yet—
Hoar-headed hero—
Cheering his comrades,
Bidding his brave youths
Fight and go forward.
Might he not long now
Fast on his feet stand.
Look'd he to heaven:—
"Thanks be to Thee, Lord,
Welder of nations;
Thank Thee for all the good
I in this world have known!
Now, O my Maker mild,

THE FIGHT AT MALDON

Need have I most that Thou
Good to my ghost should'st grant,
E'en that my soul may pass,
Safe to the angels' land,
Where thou art King and Lord,
In good peace journeying.
Yea, God, that never
Hell-fiends may hurt it,
Hear now my prayer!"

Then the heathen soldiers hew'd him;
Hew'd the twain who stood to aid him.
There on the earth they lay
Fast by their chieftain—
Alfnoth and Wulfmaer;
Sold they their lives.

A. C. Auchmuty.

THE FATAL SISTERS

Good Friday, 1014 A.D.

An Ode. From the Norse tongue.

Now the storm begins to lower
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare),
Iron sleet of arrowy shower,
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

THE FATAL SISTERS

Mista, black terrific maid,
  Sanguida and Hilda, see,
Join, the wayward work to aid:
  'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
  Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
  Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
  Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through th' ensanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
  O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach,
  Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch,
  O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
  Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
  Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
  Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep;
  Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the breath,
  Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
  Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
  Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
  Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
  Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
  Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
  Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
  Hurry, hurry to the field.

Thomas Gray.

THE TRIUMPH OF OWEN

1157 A.D.

A fragment. From the Welsh.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong:
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal heart,
Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Erin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay,
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands,
The dragon-son of Mona stands:
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore,
Echoing to the battle's roar,
Check'd by the torrent tide of blood
Backward Menai rolls his flood,
While heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye,
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * *

Thomas Gray.

THE FRENCH AT ST. EDMUNDSBURY

Bastard. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English King:
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should;
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvisèd revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealèd wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms

And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest,
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us; fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pandulph. Give me leave to speak.

Bastard. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here,

Bastard. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,

THE FRENCH AT ST. EDMUNDSBURY

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Strike up our drums, to find this danger out,
And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

William Shakespeare: King John, Act V., Sc. ii.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

June 24, 1314 A.D.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

What of the bow?
  The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
  The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew-tree,
  And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
  The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
  A cord that bowmen love;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string,
  And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
  The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
  Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose feather,
  And the land where the grey goose flew.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

What of the mark?
  Ah! seek it not in England:
A bold mark, an old mark,
  Is wasting over-sea;
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
  It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?
  The men were bred in England:
The bowmen—the yeomen,
  The lads of dell and fell,
Here's to you—and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
  And the land where the true hearts dwell.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

August 15, 1388 A.D.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindsays light and gay,
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
And wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae well it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall dee."

He took a long spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we been twa' upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword shall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if you come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down;

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy 's hard at hand."

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was full fain!
They swakked[1] their swords, till sair they swat
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

[1] "Swakked"=swung.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day 's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken,
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up his noble lord,
With the saut tears in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

The Percy and Montgomery met
That either of other were fain;
They swapped[1] swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

Anonymous.

[1] "Swapped"=struck.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

THE FIRST FYTTE.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill, and carry away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
And with him a mighty meyné,[1]
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue it that is unborn;
It was the more pitie.

[1] "Meyné"=company.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The drivers through the woodès went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild[1] thorough the woodès went,
On every side shear;[2]
Greyhounds thorough the greves[3] glent[4]
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot, the hills above,
Early on Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat hartès dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They assembled on sides shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling[5] of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here:
But I wist he would fail, verament"—
A great oath the Percy sware.

[1] "The wild"=wild creatures.
[2] "Shear"=straight and swift.
[3] "Greves"=groves.
[4] "Glent"=glanced.
[5] "Brittling"=cutting up.

At last a squire of Northumberland
  Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
  With him a mighty meyné;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
  It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
  Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
  Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the Water of Tweed,
  In the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off the brittling the deer," he said,
  "To your bows look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were of your mothers born
  Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
  He rode all his men beforne;
His armour glittered as a glede;[1]
  A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
  "Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
  Cheviot Chace in the spite of me?"

[1] "Glede"=fire.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The first man that ever him answer made,
  It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee who we are," he said,
  "Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chace
  In spite of thine and thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
  We have kill'd, and cast to carry away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
  "Therefor shall one of us die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
  Unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men,
  Alas, it were great pitie!

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
  And I am earl called in my countrie;
Let all our men on a party stand,
  And do the battle off thee and me."

"Now, Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
  "Whosoever thereto says nay!—
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
  "Thou shalt never see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
  Of woman born there is none,
But, an fortune be my chance,
  I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
  Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South England," he says,
  "To King Harry the Fourth, for shame!

"I wot ye bin great lordès two,
  I am a poor squire of land;
I'll never see my captain fight on a field,
  And myself looke on and stand:
But while I may my weapon wield
  I will not fail, heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
  The first fytte here I find.
An' ye will hear any more of the Hunting of Cheviot,
  Yet more there is behind.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bowès bent,
  Their hearts were good enow;
The first flight of arrows that they shot off,
  Seven score spearmen they sloughe.

Yet bides Earl Douglas upon the bent,
  A captain good enow,
And that was seen, verament,
  For he wrought the English wo.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The Douglas parted his host in three,
  Like a chieftain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree
  They came in on every side.

Thorough our English archery,
  And gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die,
  Which gained them no small pride.

The Englishmen let their bowès be,
  And pull'd out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
  Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
  Stern they struck down straight;
Many a freke[1] that was full free,
  There underfoot did light.

At last the Douglas and Percy met,
  Like two captains of might and main;
They swapt together till they both swat,
  With swords of the fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight
  Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent
  As ever did hail or rain.

[1] "Freke"=fighting man.

"Hold thee, Percy!" said the Douglas,
"And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an Earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free;
I hight[1] thee here this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou,
That ever I conquerèd in fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born."

With that came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty wane;[2]
And it hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake more words but one:
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men while ye may!
For my life-days be done."

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas die;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Wo is me for thee!

[1] "Hight"=promise. [2] "Wane"=one: *i.e.* a man.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

"To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
  My landès for years three;
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
  Was not in all the north countrie!"

Of all that saw, a Scottish knight,
  Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
He saw the Douglas to death was dight;
  He spended a spear, a trusty tree;

He rode upon a courser
  Through a hundred archery;
He never stinted nor never blan,[1]
  Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
  A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
  Clean through the body the Percy he bore.

At the other side, that a man might see,
  A large cloth yard and mair:
Two better captains in Christentie
  Were not than the two slain there.

An archer of Northumberland
  Saw slain was the Lord Percy:
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
  Was made of trusty tree.

[1] "Blan"=stopped.

An arrow, that was a cloth-yard long,
To the hard steel halèd he;
A dint, that was both sad and sore,
He set on Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sore,
That he on Montgomerie set;
The swan-feathers, that his arrow bore,
With his heart's blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when evensong bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took on on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fiftie.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand or hie.
The child may rue that is unborn;
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy
Sir John of Agerslone,
Sir Roger, the hindè[1] Hartley,
Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown;
Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,[2]
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wo,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the Doughty Douglas
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
Sir Davy Liddale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles à Murray, in that place,
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a Lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

[1] "Hinde"=courteous.
[2] "Rugby"=*either* Rokeby *or* Raby.

So on the morrow they made them biers
  Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears,
  Came to fetch their makès[1] away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains, as slain were there,
  On the Marches shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinburgh,
  To Jamie the Scottish King,
Doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
  Lay slain Cheviot within.

His handès did he weal and wring:
  He said "Alas, and wo is me!
Such another captain in Scotland wide"
  He said, "I' faith, shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
  To the Fourth Harry our King,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
  Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
I've a hundred captains in England, he said,
  As good as ever was he;
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
  Thy death well quit shall be."

[1] "Makès"=mates.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

As our noble King made his avow,
  Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy,
  He did the battle of Humbledon:

Where six and thirty Scottish Knights,
  On a day were beaten down:
Glendale glittered on their armour bright,
  Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot;
  That here began this spurn,
Old men that know the ground well enough,
  Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
  Upon a Monanday:
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
  The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parts,
  Since the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it was marvel, an the red blood run not,
  As the rain does in the street.

Jesus Christ, our balès bete,
  And to the bliss us bring!
This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
  God send us all good ending.

Anonymous.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY

July 23, 1403 A.D.

Hotspur. O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

(*Enter Messenger.*)

Messenger. My Lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.

Hotspur. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

William Shakespeare: King Henry IV., Part I. Act. V. Sc. ii.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

July 24, 1411 A.D.

As I cam in by Garioch land,
  And down by Netherha',
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
  A' marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
  And down, and by Balquhaim,
O there I met Sir James the Ross,
  Wi' him Sir John the Graeme.

"O cam ye frae the Hielands, man?
  O cam ye a' the way?
Saw ye MacDonnell and his men,
  As they cam frae the Skye?"

"Yes, we cam frae the Hielands, man,
  And we cam a' the way;
And we saw MacDonnell and his men,
  As they cam in frae Skye."

"O was ye near MacDonnell's men?
Did ye their numbers see?
Come, tell to me, John Hielandman,
What might their numbers be?"

"Yes, we was near, and near enough,
And we their numbers saw;
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw."

"Gin that be true," said James the Ross,
"We'll no come meikle speed;
We'll cry upon our merry men,
And turn our horses' head."

"O na, O na!" says John the Graeme,
"That thing maun never be;
The gallant Graemes were never beat,
We'll trie what we can dee."

As I cam on, and further on,
And down and by Harlaw;
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw;
For ilka sword gaed clash for clash,
At the battle of Harlaw!

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

The Hielandmen wi' their lang swords,
  They laid on us fu' sair;
And they drave back our merry men,
  Three acres' breadth and mair.

Brave Forbes to his brother did say,
  "O brother, dinna ye see;
They beat us back on ilka side,
  And we'll be forced to flee!"

"O na, O na! my brother dear,
  O na, that maunna be!
You'll tak your gude sword in your hand,
  And ye'll gang in wi' me."

Then back to back the brothers brave,
  Gaed in amang the thrang,
And they swept down the Hielandmen,
  Wi' swords baith sharp and lang.

The first ae straik that Forbes strack,
  He gar'd MacDonnell reel;
And the neist ae straik that Forbes strack,
  The brave MacDonnell fell.

And siccan a pitlarichie,
  I'm sure ye never saw;
As was amang the Hielandmen,
  When they saw MacDonnell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
  They turn'd and ran awa';
And they buried him in Leggat's Den,
  A large mile from Harlaw.

Some rode, some ran, and some did gang,
  They were o' sma' record;
But Forbes and his merry men,
  They slew them a' the road.

On Mononday at morning,
  The battle it began;
On Saturday at gloamin',
  Ye'd scarce ken'd wha had wan.

And sic a weary buryin',
  I'm sure ye never saw,
As was the Sunday after that,
  On the muirs aneath Harlaw.

Gin anybody speer at ye,
  For them we took awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and very plain,
  They're sleeping at Harlaw.

Anonymous.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH BEFORE HARFLEUR

1415 A.D.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

William Shakespeare: King Henry V., Act III. Sc. i.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT

October 25, 1415 A.D.

King Henry. This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is St. Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered;
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

William Shakespeare: King Henry V., Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

October 25, 1415 A.D.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
    Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
    Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
March'd towards Agincourt
    In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay,
    With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
    To the king sending;

Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake:
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did'st the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went.
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
    Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bear them right doughtily,
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day,
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
    To England to carry;
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
    Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

1431.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
  Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

Sir Walter Scott.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD III

BOSWORTH FIELD.

August 22, 1485.

Then a knight to King Richard gan say,
Good Sir William Harrington,
"Sir," said he, "all we to-day
To the death are like to be done.

"The Stanley strokes they are so strong,
There may no man their blows abide;
Methinks ye tarry here too long,
Ye may come back at another tide.

"Your horse at your hand is ready,
Another day ye may the worship win,
And reign in right and royalty,
And keep your crown and be our king!"

"Nay give me my battle-axe in my hand,
And the crown of England on my helm so high,
For by Him that made both sea and land,
King of England this day will I die.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD III

"One foot I will never flee,
While the breath is my heart within!"
As he said so did it be,
If he lost his life he died a king.

Anonymous.

FLODDEN FIELD

September 9, 1513 A.D.

"But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close,—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;

FLODDEN FIELD

O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
  And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave:
  But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
  Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
  With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows!
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet stayed,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. "Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand:

His arms were stained with blood and sand:
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion? . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace: "peace!"—

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry— 'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring:—
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—

With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew:
For oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above some half-worn letters say,
"*DRINK, WEARY PILGRIM, DRINK AND PRAY*
FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SYBIL GREY
WHO BUILT THIS CROSS AND WELL."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

* * * * *

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend;—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine:
O think on faith and bliss!

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And—"Stanley!" was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
  Where Huntley, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
  That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
  On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
  While yet on Flodden side,
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,

Our Caledonian pride;
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O lady," cried the monk, "away!"
And placed her on her steed;
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

* * * * *

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.

FLODDEN FIELD

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
  While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
  Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
  And broken was her shield.

Sir Walter Scott.

FLODDEN

September 9, 1513 A.D.

THE END.

No one failed him! he is keeping
  Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
  Cold on Flodden's fatal hill;
Of the brave and gallant hearted,
  Whom you sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
  From his monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
  When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
  Round, a grim and ghastly wall!
As the wolves in winter circle
  Round the leaguer on the hearth,
So the greedy foe glared upward
  Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
  Which the boldest dared not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
  Every step a corpse in mail!

FLODDEN. THE END

And behind it lay our Monarch
  Clenching still his shivered sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
  At his feet a Southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
  When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
  Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
  And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
  When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
  As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
  And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
  As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
  Over Flodden, like a pall.

William Edmondstoune Aytoun

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,
  Lasses a'lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts,[1] in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
  Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin',[2] nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin[3] and hies her away.

In hairst at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
  Bandsters[4] are lyart[5] and runkled and gray:
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching[6]—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies[7] are roaming
  'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
  The Flowers of the Forest a' wede away.

[1] "Buchts"=sheep-folds.
[2] "Daffin'"=romping.
[3] "Leglin"=milk-pail.
[4] "Bandsters"=sheaf-binders.
[5] "Lyart"=faded.
[6] "Fleeching"=flattering.
[7] "Swankies"=fine young fellows.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jane Elliot.

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.

Sir Walter Scott.

MARY AMBREE

1585 A.D.

When captains courageous, whom death could not
daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They muster'd their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave serjeant-major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherouslie,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she strait did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side;
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, to be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be":
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
"So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free":
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

MARY AMBREE

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killēd she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three:
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

"Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransome thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be":
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight:
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple maiden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despisèd them all:
"I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall;
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The wench of a monarch," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

Anonymous.

THE ARMADA

1588 A.D.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

THE ARMADA

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw
your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft
her wide;
Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM* the banner of our
pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day:
For swift to east and west the ghastly war-flame
spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each south-
ern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves;—

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The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranborne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson down the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY

September, 1588 A.D.

Let them come, come never so proudly,
  O'er the green waves as giants ride;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
  "All the Spains" on their banners wide;
High on deck of the gilded galleys,
  Our light sailors they scorn below:—
We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
  Till their flag hauls down to their foe!
    For our oath we swear,
    By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death!
    God save Elizabeth.

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva,
  Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,
Lords and Princes by Philip's favour;—
  We by birthright are noble born!
Freemen born of the blood of freemen:
  Sons of Crecy and Flodden are we!

We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them;
English boats on the English sea!
And our oath we swear,
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death!
God save Elizabeth!

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
Hang like wasps by the Flagships tower'd,
Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak!
Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
Giant galleons, canvas wide!
Ours will harry them, board and carry them,
Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
For our oath we swear,
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death!
God save Elizabeth!

Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd?
Have His tempests smote them in scorn?
Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?
We were as lions hungry for battle;
God has made our battle His own!

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY

God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them:
Give the glory to Him alone!
While our oath we swear,
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death!
God save Elizabeth!

Francis Turner Palgrave.

DRAKE'S DRUM

1596 A.D.

Drake he's in his hammock, an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel an' toe,
An' thro' the shore-light flashin', an the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin' as they found him long ago!

Henry Newbolt.

CAVALIER TUNES

I. MARCHING ALONG.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles,
To the devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up, lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite, take, nor sup,
Till you're

(*Chorus*). Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies knell,
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

(*Chorus*). Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls,
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

(*Chorus*). March we along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II. GIVE A ROUSE.

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

(*Chorus*). King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?

For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
When Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

(*Chorus*). King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
Give a rouse ; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles !

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse and away !
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey.

(*Chorus*). "Boot, saddle, to horse and away ! "

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

(*Chorus*). "Boot, saddle, to horse and away ! "

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the roundhead's array :
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

(*Chorus*). "Boot, saddle, to horse and away ! "

Who ? My wife Gertrude ; that honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay ! "
I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?

(*Chorus*). "Boot, saddle, to horse and away ! "

Robert Browning.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE

1640 A.D.

It fell on a day, and a bonny simmer day,
  When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
  Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,
  An hunder harnessed rarely,
And he's away by the back of Dunkeld,
  To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,
  And O but she looks warely!
And there she spied the great Argyll,
  Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
  Come down and kiss me fairly."
"O I wad na kiss the fause Argyll,
  Though ye should na leave a standing stane in
    Airlie."

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
  Says, "Dame, where lies thy dowry?"
"O it's east and west yon wan water side,
  And it's down by the banks of the Airlie."

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it doun,
  They hae sought it maist severely,
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree
  That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
  And O but she grat sairly!
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,
  Till they plundered the castle of Airlie.

"O, I hae seven braw sons," she said,
  "The youngest ne'er saw his daddie;
But though I had a hunder mair,
  I'd gie them a' to King Charlie!

"But gin my good lord had been at home,
  As this nicht he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the West,
  Hae plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie!"

Anonymous.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come:
And O! the thundering press of knightes
When as their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants, all
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land!

Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
  Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
  And hero-like to die!

William Motherwell.

THE TROOPER'S DITTY

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
A-field we ride again!
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts—"Good-bye!"
Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls—"Trot out, Trot out,"—
We cheer the stirring sound;
Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing,—
Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King;

But luck befall each trooper tall,
  That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce,
  The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads: the trumpet sounds
  Its last and stern command—
'A charge! a charge!'—an ocean-burst
  Upon a stormy strand.
Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
  Their pop-guns rattle shot;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
  As sharply as we've got.
Now for it: now, bend to the word—
  Their lines begin to shake—
Now, through and through them—bloody lanes
  Our flashing sabres make!

'Cut one—cut two—first point,' and then
  We'll parry as we may;
On, on the knaves, and give them steel
  In bellyfuls to-day.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
  For Country and for Crown,
We slash away, and right and left
  Hew rogues and rebels down;
Another cheer! the field is clear,
  The day is all our own;
Done like our sires—done like the swords
  God gives to guard the Throne!

William Motherwell.

LESLY'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON MOOR

1644 A.D.

March! march!
Why the deil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order!
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border;
  Stand till't, and fight like men,
  True gospel to maintain.
The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming.
  When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popish relics, an' a' sic innovation.
  That a' the world may see,
  There's nane in the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God;[1]
And the kist-fou of whistles[2]

[1] Sark of God=surplice.
[2] Kist-fou of whistles=the organ.

That mak sic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it:
Busk up your plaids, my lads!
Cock up your bonnets!

Anonymous.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

July 2, 1644 A.D.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said: "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Mid the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, For God and for the King!"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimson'd o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The grey-haired warder watches from the castle's top-most tower;
"What news? what news, old Herbert?" "The battle's lost and won:
The royal troops are melting like mists before the sun!

And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind and cannot see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!"

"I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldiers thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*;
I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:
For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE

May 9, 1645 A.D.

As I cam' in by Auchindoun,
A little wee bit frae the toune,
When to the Hielands I was boune,
To view the haughs o' Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news;
Quo' he, "The Hieland army rues
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

"We were in bed, Sir, every man,
When the English host upon us cam';
A bluidy battle there began
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

"The English horse they were sae rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Hieland blude,
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

"But alas, we could na longer stay,
For ower the hills we cam' away;
And sair do we lament the day
That e'er we cam' to Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say;
"Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will ower the hills this day,
And view the haughs o' Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you're not so strang,
You scarcely have twa thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say;
"I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will ower the hills this day,
And see the haughs o' Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them cam';
A second battle then began
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Grants, MacKenzies, and MacKays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most vehemently
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE

The MacDonalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
MacIntosh played a bonnie game
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The McGregors fought like lions bold,
MacPherson, none could them control,
MacLachlans fought like loyal souls,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

MacLeans, MacDougals, and MacNeills,
Sae boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frasers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, wi' Montrose,
Sae boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down wi' Hieland blows
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest o' them lies on the plain,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

Anonymous.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

June 14, 1645 A.D.

By OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT OF IRETON'S REGIMENT.

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage which we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes —close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here!—They rush on! We are broken—
We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the
blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the
right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to
the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given
ground:
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horse-
men on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God,
'tis he, boys,
Bear up another minute! brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the
dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Ac-
curst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to
hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple
Bar;

And he—he turns, he flies; shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage plays, and your sonnets, your diamond and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear,
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

Lord Macaulay.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

1688 A.D.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

Robert Stephen Hawker.

BONNY DUNDEE

1689 A.D.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee!

Come, fill up my cup; come, fill up my can;
Come, saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come, open the west port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be;
The Gude Town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee!"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking "Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!"

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes;
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

BONNY DUNDEE

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry 'hoigh' for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee!

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee:
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

"Come, fill up my cup; come, fill up my can;
Come, saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come, open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

KILLIECRANKIE, JULY 27, 1689 A.D.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan,
  Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
  Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
  Hear once more the battle song
Swell within their glens and valleys
  As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
  Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
  Than we bring with us to-day.
Never, since the valiant Douglas
  On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
  To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
  Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
  From the altar of his fame;

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's-call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
  Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
  From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
  And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
  From their lair amid the broom;
Then we belted on our tartans,
  And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
  And we proved them to be true,
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
  And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
  And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
  On his war-horse black as night;
Well the Cameronian rebels
  Knew that charger in the fight!
And a cry of exultation
  From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
  And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
  "Soldiers, I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
  On Schehallion's lofty brow,

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

Either we shall rest in triumph,
  Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
  For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
  Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
  On the field of Magus Muir!
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
  By the ruined hearth and shrine,
By the blighted hope of Scotland,
  By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
  Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
  Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
  Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
  How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
  Is not to be bought or sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
  As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
  If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
  Search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly
Till they gained the plain beneath;

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armèd men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept a hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and men went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcases are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening-star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead,
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,

As he told us where to seek him,
  In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
  For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
  And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So amidst the battle's thunder,
  Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
  Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
  Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
  To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
  Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
  Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
  Reck not of the after-time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
  Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
  Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
  Hearts that never baseness knew.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

KILLIECRANKIE

July 27, 1689 A.D.

Clavers and his highlandmen
  Came down upon the raw,[1] man;
Who, being stout, gave mony a shout;
  The lads began to claw then.
Wi' sword and targe into their hand,
  Wi' which they were na' slaw, man;
Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh
  The lads began to claw then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,
  She flung amang them a', man;
The butter-box got many knocks;
  Their riggings paid for a', then.
They got their paiks[2] wi' sudden straiks,
  Which to their grief they saw, man;
Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,
  The lads began to fa', then.

[1] "Raw"—row, line of Mackay's troops
[2] "Paiks"—whipping.

KILLIECRANKIE

Her leap'd about, her skipped about,
  And flang amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
  Their crowns were cleaved in twa then;
The durk and dour made their last hour,
  And proved their final fa', man;
They thocht the Devil had been there,
  That play'd them sic a pa',[1] man.

The Solemn League and Covenant
  Cam' whigging up the hill, man,
Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse
  For to subscribe their bill then;
In Willie's name, they thocht nae ane
  Durst stop their course at a', man;
But her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
  Cried: "Furich Whigs awa' man."

Sir Evan Dhu and his men true
  Cam' linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,
  They bred a horrid stink then.
The true MacLean and his fierce men
  Cam' in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand;
  A' fled and ran awa' then.

[1] "Pa'"=trick.

Och on a righ! och on a righ!
Why should she lose King Shames, man;
Och rig in di! och rig in di!
She shall break a' her banes, then.
With *furichinich*, and stay awhile,
And speak a word or twa', man;
She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,
Before ye win awa', then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane!
Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.
King Shames' red-coats shall be hung up,
Because they ran awa', then.
Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,
And made as long a stay, man,
They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd run awa', then.

Anonymous.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

August 13, 1704 A.D.

It was a summer evening,
  Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
  Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
  Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
  In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt the dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA

1715 A.D.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
  O Kenmure's on and awa:
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
  That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
  Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
  That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
  His lady's cheek was red,
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
  Which smelled o' deadly feud.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
  Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's bluid,
  Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
  There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
He'll steep it red in ruddy heart's bluid,
  Afore the battle drap.
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
  Here's him that's far awa,
And here's a flower that I lo'e best,
  The rose that's like the snaw.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
  O Kenmure's lads are men,
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
  And that their faes shall ken.
They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
  They'll live or die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound o' victorie
  May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Anonymous.

THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING

1715 A.D.

The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!
The Campbell's are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
Upon the Lomonds I lay;
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three perches play.

The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!
The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

Great Argyle he goes before;
He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
With sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum;
The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
  Their loyal faith and truth to show,
With banners rattling in the wind;
  The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

Anonymous.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

1745 A.D.

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
  Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry;
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades
  Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
  Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
  King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald,
  But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry!
Health to McDonnell and gallant Clan Ronald,
  For these are the men who will die for their Charlie!

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
  Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave McIntosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them,
  These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamores!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!

Follow thee; follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie?

James Hogg.

JOHNNIE COPE

September 21, 1745 A.D.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I would wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar:
"Come, Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning."

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
"Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee awa' like a frighted bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning."

JOHNNIE COPE

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin:
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The Deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
So early in the morning."

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg
Wi' their claymores and philabegs:
If I face them again, Deil break my legs,
So I wish you a very good morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking I would wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

Adam Skirving.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

1745 A.D.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's ower the Border awa, awa,
It's ower the Border awa, awa,
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw
Wi' their tartans, kilts an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear.
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Highland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco' flare.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep,
Twa' thousands swam ower to fill English ground,
And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw;
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfounder'd they ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up and give them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Lady Nairne.

HEARTS OF OAK

1759 A.D.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves!
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

HEARTS OF OAK

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "be free";
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

David Garrick.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

ABOUT 1780 A.D.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay the foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British grenadiers,

Then Jove the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Behold with admiration the British grenadiers.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis about the Frenchmen's ears,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry huzza, boys, here comes a grenadier,—
Here come the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears.
Then sing tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loopèd clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British grenadiers!

Anon.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

I.

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers,
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

April 2, 1801 A.D.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
" Hearts of oak ! " our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun !

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the gloom !

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save !
So peace, instead of death, let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet,
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light—
And yet, amid that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full may a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell.

AFTER JENA

1806 A.D.

Another year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band
Who are to judge of danger when they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

William Wordsworth.

A WAR SONG

To Englishmen.

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened earth,
Prepare, prepare!

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! Prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth!
Prepare your arms for glorious victory!
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare!

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise with ghosts over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare!

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of death stand in the louring heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
Prepare, prepare!

A WAR SONG

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops that are to fall to-day!
Prepare, prepare!

Alfred shall smile, and make his heart rejoice;
The Norman William, and the learned Clerk,
And Lion-Heart, and black-browed Edward with
His loyal Queen, shall rise and welcome us!
Prepare, prepare!

William Blake.

SONG

The captain stood on the carronade—"First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons,—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys: so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory."

SONG

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff";
The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory."

Our Captain sent for all of us; "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd flogged each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at the sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory."

Captain Marryat.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

January 16, 1809 A.D.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG

Away with bayonet and with lance,
  With corselet, casque, and sword;
Our island-king no war-horse needs,
  For on the sea he's lord.
His throne 's the warship's lofty deck,
  His sceptre is the mast;
His kingdom is the rolling wave,
  His servant is the blast.
His anchor's up, fair freedom's flag
  Broad to the mast he nails;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads,
  For there your terror sails.

I saw fierce Prussia's chargers stand,
  Her children's sharp swords out;—
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red
  When rose the closing shout;
But soon the steeds rush'd masterless,
  By tower, and town, and wood;
For lordly France her fiery youth
  Poured o'er them like a flood.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG

Go, hew the gold spurs from your heels,
  And let your steeds run free;
Then come to our unconquered decks,
  And learn to reign at sea.

Behold yon black and batter'd hulk
  That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern,
  For peace has pluck'd her pride;
The masts are down, the cannon mute,
  She shows nor sheet nor sail,
Nor starts forth with the seaward breeze,
  Nor answers shout nor hail;
Her merry men, with all their mirth,
  Have sought some other shore;
And she with all her glory on
  Shall rule the sea no more.

So landsmen speak. Lo! her topmasts
  Are quivering in the sky;
Her sails are spread, her anchor 's raised,
  There sweeps she gallant by.
A thousand warriors fill her decks;
  Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's pride has nought
  Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth;
  Her stainless flag flies free;
Kings of the earth, come and behold
  How Britain reigns on sea!

When on your necks the armèd foot
  Of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea,
  Where we triumphant rode,
He launched his terror and his strength
  Our sea-born pride to tame;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
  And vanish'd as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
  And set your war-steeds free;
The world has one unconquer'd king,
  And he reigns on the sea!

Allan Cunningham.

THE BIVOUAC

Now that we've pledged each eye of blue,
And every maiden fair and true,
And our green island home—to you
The ocean's wave adorning,
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra!
And drink e'en to the coming day,
When squadrons square
Will all be there
To meet the French in the morning.

May his bright laurels never fade,
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,
Those lads so true in heart and blade,
And famed for danger scorning;
So join me in one hip, hurra!
And drink e'en to the coming day,
When squadrons square
Will all be there
To meet the French in the morning.

And when with years and honours crowned,
You sit some homeward hearth around,
And hear no more the stirring sound
That spoke the trumpet's warning;
You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra!
And pledge the memory of the day
When squadron square
They all were there
To meet the French in the morning.

Charles Lever.

THE MARCH TO WATERLOO

June 15, 1815 A.D.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
For Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if ought inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,— friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

June 16, 1815 A.D.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough—
Give the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent,
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept—the iron man!
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

John Stuart Blackie.

WATERLOO

June 18, 1815, A.D.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast:
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
    The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats with flash and cloud,
    Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
    The cohorts' eagles flew;
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
Th' advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame
    Peal'd wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;

WATERLOO

For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square!
And on the wounded and the slain
Clos'd their diminish'd files again;
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—
Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced and pennons rent;
And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against the staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way:
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds:
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band

Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horseman and foot,—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

1844 A.D.

Eleven men of England
A breastwork charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain, but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once, on each wild clan, dismay
Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half-heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead;
"Bring here!" at length he shouted,
"Bring quick the battle thread.

Let Eblis blast for ever
  Their souls, if Allah will:
But we must keep unbroken
  The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
  Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
  Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
  Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honour
  Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
  We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
  One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant hillmen,
  For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
  The green one or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
  Their green reward," each noble savage said:
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
  Who dares deny the red?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
  Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
  Rolled back its loud acclaim.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Once more the chief gazed keenly
  Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their hearts' blood
  Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
  Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
  Have we not more to do?

"These were not stirred by anger,
  Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
  Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
  Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
  The path it showed they trod.

"As without sound or struggle,
  The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
  Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
  Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
  Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
  To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
  They called him Mehrab Khan.

He sleeps among his fathers,
  Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
  Firm round his faithful hand.

The songs they sing of Roostum
  Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
  He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
  And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
  Have climbed, like these, the hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
  As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
  Which these have never done."

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely;
  "Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
  Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
  May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
  To the fiends flaming den?"

Then all those gallant robbers
  Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
  They raised his mangled ten.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

And when we found their bodies
  Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
  That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
  Rung, like an echo to that knightly deed,
He bade its memory live for evermore,
  That those who run may read.

Sir Francis H. Doyle.

NELSON AND WELLINGTON

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

November 18, 1852 A.D.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine, he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he.
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away

NELSON AND WELLINGTON

Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs,
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes,
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of Kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,
A day of onsets of despair.
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,

And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim,
With honour, honour, honour, to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

Lord Tennyson.

WAR!

1853 A.D.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
"And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars
As he glowed like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore:
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
"It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
"It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die."
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that hath lost for a little her lust of gold.
And a love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shame,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,

WAR!

Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the peace that I deemed as peace is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

Lord Tennyson.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BALACLAVA

October 25, 1854 A.D.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
  Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd;
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Lord Tennyson.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

July 9, 1856 A.D.

Yes, they return—but who return?
  The many or the few?
Clothed with a name, in vain the same,
  Face after face is new.

We know how beats the drum to muster,
  We heard the cheers of late,
As that red storm in haste to form,
  Burst through each barrack-gate.

The first proud mass of English manhood,
  A very sea of life,
With strength untold, was eastward rolled—
  How ebbs it back from strife?

The steps that scaled the Heights of Alma
  Wake but faint echoes here;
The flags we sent come back, though rent
  For other hands to rear.

Through shouts, that hail the shattered banner,
  Home from proud onsets led,
Through the glad roar, which greets once more
  Each bronzed and bearded head;

Hushed voices, from the earth beneath us,
  Thrill on the summer air,
And claim a part of England's heart,
  For those who are not there.

Not only these have marched from battle
  Into the realms of peace—
A home attained—a haven gained,
  Where wars and tumults cease.

Whilst thick on Alma's blood-stained river
  The war-smoke lingered still,
A long, low beat of unseen feet
  Rose from her vine-clad hill;

By a swift change, to music, nobler
  Than e'er was heard by man,
From those red banks, the gathered ranks
  That other march began.

On, on through wild and wondrous regions
  Echoed their iron tread,
Whilst voices old before them rolled—
  "Make way for Alma's dead."

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

Like mighty winds before them ever,
Those ancient voices rolled;
Swept from their track, huge bars run back,
And giant gates unfold;

Till to the inmost home of heroes
They led that hero line,
Where with a flame no years can tame
The stars of honour shine.

As forward stept each fearless soldier,
So stately, firm, and tall,
Wide, wide outflung, grim plaudits rung
On through that endless hall.

Next, upon gloomy phantom chargers,
The self-devoted came,
Who rushed to die, without reply,
For duty, not for fame.

Then, from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,
Marched down to see them pass.

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta
Poured haughty welcome forth,
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,
Her brethren of the North.

Yet louder at the solemn portal,
The trumpet floats and waits;
And still more wide, in living pride,
Fly back the golden gates.

And those from Inkerman swarm onwards,
Who made the dark fight good—
One man to nine, till their thin line
Lay where at first it stood.

But though cheered high by mailèd millions,
Their steps were faint and slow,
In each proud face the eye might trace
A sign of coming woe.

A coming woe which deepened ever,
As down that darkening road,
Our bravest tossed to plague and frost,
In streams of ruin flowed.

All through that dim despairing winter,
Too noble to complain,
Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
Came, not by foemen slain.

And patient, from the sullen trenches
Crowds sunk, by toil and cold—
Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
Wailed through the brave of old.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
  Anguish, and shame and scorn,
As clouds that drift, breathe darkness swift
  O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
  And veil'd it like a pall,
Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear
  The Lion-banner fall.

And if unstained that ancient banner
  Kept yet its place of pride,
Let none forget how vast the debt
  We owe to those who died.

Let none forget THE OTHERS, marching
  With steps we feel no more,
Whose bodies sleep, by that grim deep
  Which shakes the Euxine shore.

Sir Francis H. Doyle.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

1859 A.D.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
  Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
  In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

Sir Francis H. Doyle.

RIFLEMEN FORM!

1859 A.D.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the south that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts, and take good aims.
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

RIFLEMEN FORM!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name, and the Queen's!
True that we have a faithful ally,
But only the devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Lord Tennyson.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town 's by Kabul river—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
There I lef' my mate for ever,
  Wet an' drippin' by the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    There's the river up and brimmin', and there's
        'arf a squadron swimmin'
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town 's a blasted place—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Strewth I shan't forget 'is face
  Wet an' drippin' by the ford!
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they
        will surely guide you
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town is sun and dust—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I'd ha' sooner drownded fust
  'Stead of 'im beside the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear
        the men a-splashin',
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—
  'Im that left me by the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never
        comin' nigh there,
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town 'll go to hell—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Fore I see him live and well—
  'Im the best beside the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    Gawd 'elp them if they blunder, for their boots
        'll pull 'em under,
      By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
  Down and drownded by the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no
        use o' callin'
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Rudyard Kipling.

"1887"

From Clee to heaven the beacon burns,
  The shires have seen it plain,
From north and south the sign returns
  And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright,
  The dales are light between,
Because 'tis fifty years to-night
  That God has saved the Queen.

Now, when the flame they watch not towers
  About the soil they trod,
Lads, we'll remember friends of ours
  Who shared the work with God.

To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
  To fields that bred them brave,
The saviours come not home to-night
  Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia; tombstones show,
  And Shropshire names are read;
And the Nile spills its overflow
  Beside the Severn's dead.

We'll pledge in peace by farm and town
  The Queen they served in war,
And fire the beacons up and down
  The land they perished for.

"God save the Queen" we living sing,
  From height to height 'tis heard;
And with the rest your voices ring,
  Lads of the Fifty-third.

Oh, God will save her, fear you not:
  Be you the men you've been,
Get you the sons your fathers got,
  And God will save the Queen.

A. E. Housman.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

The earth is full of anger,
  The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
  Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
  Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
  Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
  Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
  We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
  The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
  Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those that kneel beside us
  At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
  Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
  By honour bound they came;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
  But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,
  Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
  Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
  Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
  To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
  Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
  Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
  For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
  Madonna, intercede!

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
  E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou did'st help our fathers,
  Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
  In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
  Lord God of Battles, hear!

Rudyard Kipling

THE GREY MOTHER

1899 A.D.

Lo, how they come to me,
  Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me!

East and south my children scatter,
North and west the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
  Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,—

Me, the grey, old, weary Mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
  Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
  Hearing their Mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Up from South Seas swiftly sailing
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
  Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me!

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
  Come, in their children's children . . .
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts.

Rise they from graves for me,
  Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
  Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern Mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
  Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me!

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
  Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

WAGGON HILL

January 6, 1900 A.D.

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
  Treading his dear *Revenge's* deck,
Watched with the sea-dogs round him growling,
  Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
  Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
  Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,
  Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
  This for a sign before he slept:—
"Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept
  Devon shall keep on tide or main;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
  Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
Far in a South land brought to bay,
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,
Waited the end in twilight grey.
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way!
Drake from his long rest turned again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

Henry Newbolt.

THE ROAD TO LADYSMITH

1900 A.D.

Gentle herdsman, tell me, pray,
  Unto the town of Ladysmith
Which is the right and ready way?

The way is easy to be gone,
Although to use but lately won;
And though across the thirsty waste
And o'er the veldt but faintly traced,
For scarce yet green, on either hand,
Are graves that mark in that new land
  The long lone way to Ladysmith.

Then tell me, gentle herdsman, pray,
  Upon the road to Ladysmith
Whose are the graves that mark the way?

The graves are theirs who died to give
To Freedom room and right to live;
She called them years and years ago—
How they made answer all men know
At Badajos—Trafalgar Bay—
At Waterloo, and yesterday
  They spoke once more at Ladysmith.

Then, gentle herdsman, tell me, pray,
  Now men go free to Ladysmith
If they will rest who made the way.

Ah, pilgrim, never will they rest
While East is severed from the West;
For they unweariedly must tramp
At Freedom's call from camp to camp;
And many a road for men to tread
Must yet be guarded by their dead,—
  As this which leads to Ladysmith.

W. G. Hole.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west
died away;
Sunset ran one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and grey;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help
England?"—say;
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

R. Browning.

NOTES

BOADICEA (more correctly Boudicca) queen of the Iceni in East Britain, having been outraged by the Romans, raised a revolt against them in 61. She won great successes at first, but being eventually defeated, slew herself.

THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITONS. This ballad is suggested by a poem of the bard Aneurin, and describes the massacre of British chiefs, said to have been perpetrated by Hengist and Horsa in the fifth century. The story is in all probability the merest legend.

Gorthyn. Vortigern.

The Dark-Dwellers on the Sea. Hengist and Horsa.

The Ocean Maid. Ronwen (Rowena).

The Twice-Raised Monarch. Vortigern, who had been deposed and succeeded by his son Gwrthwyr or Vortimer. On Vortimer's death, to which we have an allusion in the second verse, Vortigern once more ascended the throne.

Eidiol. Emrys Wledig or Ambrosius.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR is wholly Peacock's invention. It is sung by "the men of King Melvas," and describes the capture of the fort of Dinas Vawr on the Towy.

THE FIGHT AT MALDON. Brihtnoth, Alderman of the East Saxons was slain in 991 during the reign of Ethelred the Unready, in a gallant but futile resistance to the Danes at Maldon in Essex.

THE FATAL SISTERS. This poem is a paraphrase of the Icelandic *Darradar-Liad* or Lay of Darts. It is supposed to have reference to the battle of Clontarf, which took place on Good Friday

1014 A.D. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, aided Sigtrygg "of the silken beard," against Brian, the Ardrigh (chief king) of Ireland. Sigurd and his troops were cut to pieces, but the death of Brian on the other side more than outweighed the Irish success.

The scene described in the poem is supposed to have been seen in Caithness at the very hour of the battle.

The Fatal Sisters are the Valkyriur, "the choosers of the slain."

THE TRIUMPH OF OWEN. This poem is a free translation of a poem by the famous Welsh bard Gwalchmai, and commemorates the defeat of Madoc ab Meredydd at Abermenai, by Owen, prince of Gwynedd (N. Wales) in 1157.

THE FRENCH AT ST. EDMUNDSBURY. In 1216 A.D. the barons, provoked by John's manifest intention of disregarding the Magna Carta, to which he had sworn in the preceding year, offered the crown to Lewis, the Prince Royal of France. Lewis landed in Kent, and mastered the whole of the eastern counties. Though the forces of John met with disaster in the Wash, the French prince received small support, and finally, after John's death at Newark, was forced to withdraw.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE was fought August 15, 1388. The Scots were returning from a successful raid in England and laid siege to the castle of Otterbourne. They were there surprised by the English under the famous Harry Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland. A fierce fight followed, in which Douglas was killed and Hotspur made a prisoner.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT. This ballad is preeminently non-historical. It seems to be a distorted version of the Battle of Otterbourne. Indeed, not a few verses towards the end of the ballad are almost identical with verses occurring in the English version of that battle. It is hardly necessary, however, to point out that the Battle of Otterbourne did not take place in the reign of Henry IV., while the King of Scotland was not James, but Robert II. The Battle of Humbledon mentioned at the end of the poem is the Battle of Homildon Hill, in which the Scots were totally defeated, September 14, 1402.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY. In July, 1403, the Earl of Northumberland in concert with Owen Glendower revolted against Henry IV. His son Harry Percy, known as Hotspur, marched towards Shrewsbury, where he was to be joined by Glend-

ower with a Welsh force. Henry IV. succeeded in attacking Hotspur before the arrival of the Welsh, and after a desperate battle, in which Hotspur was killed, won a complete victory (July 23, 1403), a few miles from Shrewsbury.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW was fought, July 24, 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, who was in league with the English, and had planned a plundering expedition against the town of Aberdeen. The townsmen under the Earl of Mar and their Provost marched some twenty miles out of Aberdeen to meet the invader and completely defeated him.

HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR. Henry V. landed in Normandy late in the summer of 1415, besieged Harfleur, the chief seaport at the mouth of the Seine, and after five weeks' siege captured it.

HENRY V. BEFORE AGINCOURT. Henry V. at Agincourt, a village lying slightly north of the Somme, with 6,000 men utterly routed an army of 30,000 French under Jean d'Albret, Constable of France, which barred his retreat to Calais. The English are said to have lost less than 200 men, the French no fewer than 10,000 slain (October 25, 1415).

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU. "This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Macdonald and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE DEATH OF RICHARD III. Richard III. was defeated and slain at Bosworth in Leicestershire by the Earl of Richmond, who succeeded him under the title of Henry VII. (August 22, 1485.)

FLODDEN FIELD. James IV. was totally defeated by the English under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden Field, between the Till and Tweed. James himself perished, together with most of his nobles (September 9, 1513).

MARY AMBREE. There is, as far as can be ascertained, no historical basis for this ballad. The campaign to which it refers is that conducted by the Earl of Leicester in 1585 to aid the Dutch in their struggle against Philip II. of Spain.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY. While the fleet was already engaging the Armada an army was mustering under Leicester at Tilbury for the protection of London, should Parma with the Spanish troops have succeeded in effecting a landing in the south-west of England.

DRAKE'S DRUM. Sir Francis Drake died of sickness off the Caribbean coast, January 28, 1596.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE. In 1640 James, Earl of Airlie, a devoted Royalist, left Scotland for England to avoid being forced to sign the Covenant. The Earl of Argyle, at the direction of the Committee of Estates, marched with five thousand men of his clan upon the House of Airlie in Forfarshire and destroyed it with fire. Lady Ogilvy, however, was *not*, as this ballad narrates, at the House of Airlie, but at Forter. The house of Forter was also destroyed by Argyle, and it is said that he behaved with considerable cruelty to Lady Ogilvy.

THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR. On July 2, 1644, the Royalist army under Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Newcastle were totally defeated by Fairfax and Cromwell, together with the Scots under Lesly, at Marston Moor, near York. The defeat lost the northern counties to the Royalist cause.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE. The battle described in this ballad in reality took place not on the Haughs of Cromdale, but at Auldearn. Two battles are described in the poem. In reality there was but one. The first fight was the attack, which resulted in the discomfiture of Montrose's right wing under Colkitto by the Covenanters under Sir John Hurry. The second was the desperate charge made on the left by Montrose, when he heard of the defeat of Colkitto. This charge saved the day. The Covenanters' cavalry was beaten off, and Montrose was in time to save his right wing. Hurry was eventually completely routed with the loss of two thousand men, about a third of his whole force. The battle took place on May 9, 1645.

The real battle of the Haughs of Cromdale took place in 1690 when Mackay defeated the Jacobite forces.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY. On June 14, 1645, the Royalist, army, commanded by the King in person, was crushed at Naseby in Northamptonshire by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax. This battle decided the fate of the Royalist cause in England.

NOTES

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN. Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the seven bishops put on their trial (1688) for addressing a petition to the King begging to be excused from issuing the Declaration of Indulgence. Trelawney was of Cornish blood, and the men of Cornwall rose in arms to set him free. The Bishops were acquitted June 30, 1688.

BONNIE DUNDEE. A Convention of the Estates of Scotland met at Edinburgh, March 14, 1689, to consider the circumstances in which the country had been placed by the English Revolution. It decided (by a majority of one) to follow the example of the Convention Parliament in England, and to offer the crown to William and Mary. Claverhouse (afterwards Viscount Dundee), the leader of the Jacobites, was present, and protested against the decision. After it was taken, he left Edinburgh to raise the Highland clans in support of King James. The result was the Battle of Killiecrankie.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE on June 17, 1689, the following of James II. in Scotland, under the command of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, utterly defeated the Government troops under General Mackay, at the pass of Killiecrankie, near Blair Athol. Dundee fell in the moment of victory.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM on August 13, 1704, the allied armies of England, Austria and Holland, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the Franco-Bavarian army under Marshals Tallard and Marvin and the Elector of Bavaria, at Blenheim, on the Danube. More than half the French army was captured or destroyed, and Austria was saved from its invaders.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA. Lord Kenmure joined in the Jacobite rising in 1715, in favour of James Stuart, the "old Pretender." He surrendered at Preston after the defeat of the rebels at that town, on November 12 and 13, and was, together with Lord Derwentwater, executed on Tower Hill, February 29, 1716.

JOHNNIE COPE. At Preston Pans, September 21, 1745, was fought the first important encounter between the Jacobites and the Government forces, under Sir John Cope. The Highlanders charged the regulars in the early morning and drove them in headlong rout. Cope was one of the first to fly and to bring the news of his own defeat to Dunbar.

HEARTS OF OAK. "This wonderful year." In 1759 were won the great victories of Minden, Quiberon Bay, and Quebec.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC. On the suggestion of Napoleon, the Czar Paul persuaded Denmark and Sweden to form what was styled the "Armed Neutrality," for the purpose of excluding English trade from the Baltic. To frustrate these designs England sent a fleet to the Baltic under Sir Hyde Parker. He pursued slow and waiting tactics, but Nelson, his second in command, in disobedience to his orders, forced his way to Copenhagen and destroyed the Danish fleet, April 2, 1801.

AFTER JENA. At the Battle of Jena, 1806, Napoleon destroyed the power of Prussia.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE. Sir John Moore with a British army of 25,000 men, after a bold attempt to cut Napoleon's line of communications between France and Madrid, was forced by superior numbers to retreat. He retired into Galicia, where an English fleet lay waiting at Corunna to receive his troops. To secure a safe embarkation for his forces he turned upon his pursuer Soult, and repulsed him with severe loss at Corunna, January 16, 1809. His purpose was fulfilled, but he himself fell in the moment of victory.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON. This poem refers to the battle of Quatre Bras. While Napoleon was engaged with the Prussians at Ligny, Marshal Ney was told off to keep in check the first divisions of Wellington's army, as they marched up with a view to joining the Prussians. He met the English troops at Quatre Bras, on June 16, 1815, and although successful in his immediate object was forced to retire after stubborn fighting.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR. In 1844, after his conquest of Scinde itself, Sir Charles Napier began operations against the hill tribes on the northern frontier of Scinde. After long marches and sharp fighting in an almost waterless country, the enemy under their leader, Benga Khan Dumki, were driven into the Truckee (Traki), "a curious fastness of a basin-like form with sides of perpendicular rock, six hundred feet in height, with only two openings to the north and south." Benga finally was captured March 9, 1845. Sir Francis Doyle here records an incident of this remarkable campaign.

NOTES

THE PRIVATE OF BUFFS records an incident of the China War of 1859. "Some Seiks and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dung-hill." *The Times*.

"'RIFLEMEN, FORM!' appeared in May 1859 in the *Times*, after the outbreak of war between France, Piedmont, and Austria; when more than one Power seemed to be prepared to take the offensive against England; and it rang like a trumpet-call through the length and breadth of the Empire. It so happened that three days later an order from the War Office came out, approving of the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps." *Tennyson*, A Memoir, by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

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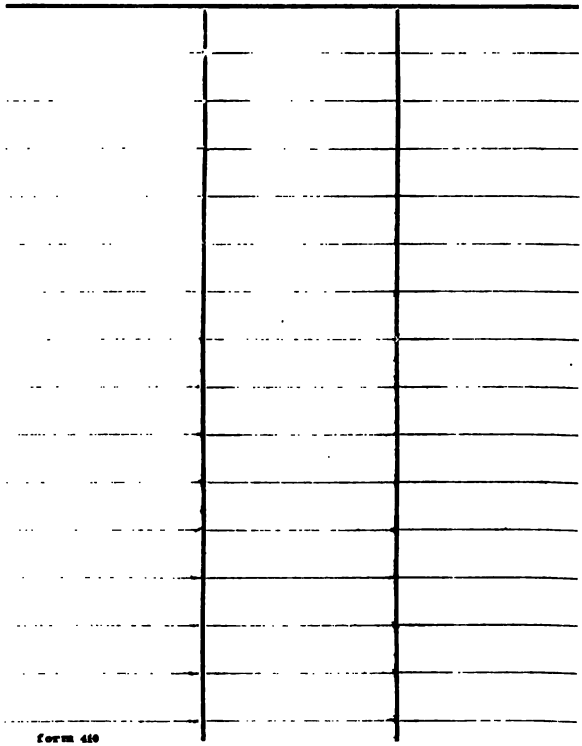

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